

THE
REVOLTEX

A
TRAGE-COMEDY

Acted between the

Hind and Panther,

A N D

R E L I G I O L A I C I, &c.



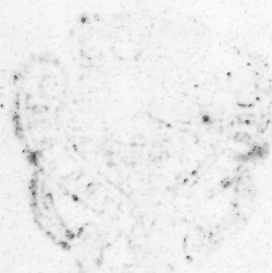
London, Printed in the Year 1687.

REVOLVER

THE COMEDY

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Printed in the Year 1887

THE REVOLTER.

A Trage-Comedy.

THE *Hind* and the *Panther*—— Certainly the Author of this Poem, deserves to be reckon'd in the number of the Heathen Gods; For he has out-done all *Natales Comes's* Deities, and has made new *Metamorphoses's* to make a second *Ovid* more work, far more wonderful then those of the Ancient Pagan Divinities. For he has chang'd the Church of *Rome* into a *Hind*, the Church of *England* into a *Panther*, the *Presbyterians* into *Wolves*, the *Independents* into *Bears*, the *Quakers* into *Hares*, *Libertines* into *Apes*, the *Anabaptists* into *Boares*, the *Socinians* into *Foxes*. And now the Beasts begin to talk and parley together again, and the *Hind* and the *Panther* enter into a long and serious Debate, as in the Days of *Æsop*; only with this difference, that *Æsop's* Beasts were all *Moralists*, but these Poetical *Fictions* are all Christians, and dispute and contend about things of a higher Nature. Truly, one would think the Author

might have bethought himself of Allusions much more proper for his purpose than such Beastial *Prosopopeia's* as these; now altogether Antiquated, notwithstanding his idle Apology for what he has done, and his miserable President of Mother *Hubbard*, as much out of fashion, as *Hellen* of *Troys* Wardrobe, or his Eye-sore of *Q. Elisabeth's* Fardingale. Nor do we find that ever Christ, who spoke so much in Learned Parables, ever inspir'd the Brutes with Language to colour his Instructions. But the Poet's over-hasty, which made it the more Officious Malice, having engag'd him to turn all the *Dissenters* into *Beasts*; and not being able to pursue his Allegory, unless he made *Beasts* of the *Church of Rome*, and the *Church of England* likewise, has resolv'd to strain a Complement with both; and rather than lose the pleasing Conception of his Brain, like a compassionate *Numen*, to change the one into a *Hind*; and like an irritated *Demon*, to transform the other into a *Panther*.

But while he sat thus in his Poetical Throne, or rather acting upon the Stage of Fable and Pagan Muthologie, and transfiguring into *Beasts* almost all Mankind but *Turks* and *Infidels*, that were out of his Road, he never consider'd what a *Monster* he was himself; a second *Geryon* with three Heads: for each of which he had a particular Employment; with the one to fawn upon the most infamous of *Usurpers*; with the other, at one time to lick the Beneficent Hands of his *Protestant Mother*; and by and by to court the Charity of his *Catholick Mamma*; while with the third, he bark'd and snarl'd, not only at his first deserted Female Parent, but also at all other differing Sentiments and Opinions, which his Sovereign had so graciously and generously indulg'd.

But

BUT 'twas his Wrath, because his Native Church
 Left his *high Expectations* in the lurch :
 And well she might ; for well she knew how soon
 His *Muse* her early *Whoredoms* had begun ;
 And thought it brave to be a *Cromwel's* Jade,
 Like *Pathic Cæsar* under *Nicomede*.
 She saw the *Play-wright Laureate* debauch'd
 By the Times Vices which himself reproach'd :
 And by his Grand Reform of Stage-pit Fools,
 Judg'd his Ability to manage Souls.
 The *Comedy*, to see him preach, for ought
 She knew, might *Tragic* prove to those he taught ;
 By ill Instructions to their loss beguil'd,
 Or scorning Precepts from a Tongue defil'd,
 With Stage-Obscenity —————
 For who could have refrain'd from sportive Mirth,
 To hear the Nation's Poet *Bayes* hold forth ?
 Or who would ever practise by the Rule
 Of one they could not chuse but ridicule ?
 The Scandal was the greater, the more rare ;
 An ordain'd *Play-wright* in the House of Prayer.
 While People only flock to hear him Chime
 A rampant Sermon forth in *Bully Rhime* :

Or else his gaping Auditors he Feasts,
 With bold *Isaiah's Raptures*, and *Ezekiel's Beasts*.
 All this the *Church* foresaw, nor could endure
 Polluted Lips should handle Things most pure.

At these Rebuffs th'offended *Bayes* retires,
 Summons together his Poetic Fires,
 And all the rage that frantic Spite inspires.
 Did I for this, quo he, (for Anger is the Soul
 Of Passion, and must all my *Christian Thoughts* controul)
 Did I for this expose upon the Stage
 My *Roman Mother*, not regarding Age,
 Or Sex, (I call her Mother now, and so
 I could the *Abassinian Patriarch* too,
 To serve my Turn)? Did I for this, I say,
 Expose Her naked as the Sunshine day ;
 And by the Crimes I fasten'd on one Priest,
 Inculcate boldly what were all the Rest ?
 Did I not paint'em worse, in all their close Debaushes,
 Than the lew'd Priests of *Isis*, or the *Gelt Reproaches*
 Of *Phrygian Rites* to *Phrygian Goddesses* due ?
 Let the incredulous read my Play ; 'tis new.
 Under the Colour of Confession, see,
 See how my *Fryar* pimps for Golden Fee ;

See how I laid my Plot to bring him to't;
And made the Knave forswear himself to boot.
Nor whether true or false did I e're mind,
Resolving to my *Mother* to be kind.

Say, was not this good Service to my Church,
But after all to leave me in the Lurch,
As if I had laid Defilement in her Porch!
(Thus raving, the embitter'd *Bayes* went on,)
Could a more vile Ingratitude be shown?
I will not bate thy Crime, *Laomedon*,
Unthankful to the Gods: for if the Gods
Were mercenary, where's the Pagan odds
Twixt Me and Them? Theirs was corporeal Pain,
Mine the more noble Labour of the Brain.

I was their *Neptune*; I their great *Apollo*,
Repair'd their *Trojan* Walls, when crack'd & hollow.
To me were these *Laomedons* unjust,
So kind to toyl and labour upon Trust.
But now I'll spout whole Seas upon the Main,
And with a Deluge bring down all again.
And all their dear *Hesione's* deflower;
At least I'll strive what lies within my power,

And use all Charms that in mysterious Fury lurk.

This said, the proud *Revolter* fell to work ;

And a whole Winter and a Spring bestow'd

The Burthen of his *Cranium* to unload.

Now Heaven forbid that we should e're assail
Real Conversion ; Man is prone to fail :

For Thoughtless Youth, oft wing'd with vain Desires,

And Manhood too, misled by wandring Fires,

Follow false Lights ; and when their Glimps is gon,

His Pride strikes out new Sparkles of his own.

Howe're by happy chance when *thoughtless Youth,*

Has once descry'd the Sacred Paths of Truth,

And wandring Manhood has regain'd the Way

Whence those false Meteors led him once astray,

The Path is free, when Conscience satisfy'd,

To tread the Tracks of its *unerring Guide,*

'Tis Conscience only, Conscience can convince,

Conscience unspotted and without pretence :

What Conscience then calls bad before, is bad

To him whom such a Conscience does perswade,

And whither she directs, must be obey'd.

But when with Charms *Circean* woo'd, she yields

To what Preferment and Ambition guilds ;

When disappointed Hopes, and consequent Revenge

Push on the Malecontent to frequent Change,

There,

There, Conscience, stript of her Celestial part ;
Proves a Disease, the Passion of the Heart :
A Phrensy of the Mind, as when the Maid
Runs mad, to find her Virgin Love betray'd.
The Helm of Fools, that serves in merry Gales,
But in the ruder Storms and sudden strokes,
Of boyst'rously contending Passions, fails,
And throws unrudder'd Man upon the Rocks.

He then who with a rambling Conscience moves
From his first Choice, a wild *Cimmerian* roves,
And only changes Seats for better Pasture.
If one Religion will not feed him, he's the Master
Of his own Reason, and another shall ;
Indifferent which way the Cane may fall,
Or toward *Italy*, or the *Levant*.

He'l *Mecca's* Plenty change for *Roman Want*,
Still ready for the Turn ; for all along
He's always in the right, but when he's wrong.

But let him ramble on ; such roaming *Tartars*
No *Converts* are, but positive *Deserters* :
Chang'd in Opinion, not in Principles ;
Religion's *Vagabonds*, and *Gypsie-Scowlers* ;
To all Opinions prostituted Tools,
And *Pilgrims* to the Shrines of *Crowns* and *Dollers*.

A sort of Craven Cocks that always Crow
On their own Dunghils, guarded from the blow
Of free Reply, their mainly dreaded Foe;
And ne're their Teeth, but still in safety, show.

Conversion silently retires, and aw'd
With her past Errors, hides her Head,
Only *Contrition* waits Her, mur'd within,
While she compleats the days of mourning for her Sin.

But here's a Ramping Infant *Profelyte*,
No sooner turn'd, but he hath Teeth to bite,
And sets up *Champion* e're half taught to fight.
Such certain Marks of tainted Conscience,
He ne're can vail his cloven Innocence,
With all his *Ulysssean* Eloquence.

Had he thus wrote when rudely he besmeard
His purfy Fryar; or for a curst Reward,
Cast an officious Grin in *Cromwel's* Face,
His daring Verse had won him generous praise.
But when his Mother flourish'd, to write *Pro*,
And *Con* against her, when he thought her low,
Shews him a meer *Probationer*, on Tryal,
Either for kind Reception, or denial.

For he has still with cunning Men to do,
Men that have reason to suspect it too,
That who has twice been false, can n're prove true.
The Sinner therefore must himself out-rime,
And toil his best for Expiation of his Crime ;
Public Atonement, publick Expiation,
As well as private Sobs, and Whipcord Recreation,
Must purge his Sins, & cure his rotten Reputation.

Commanded thus, an Altar up he rears,
Poetic Fires, and sharpen'd Knives prepares,
Renews the Ancient Laws of Sacrifice,
And for the Slaughter Victims new Supplies.
Hares, Foxes, Apes, ne're offer'd yet before,
To these the *Panther* add, the *Wolf* and *Boar* ;
The Sacrificing Age had ne're such store.
A wond'rous Holocaust, and such as might beset
The burning Rage of such an *Aetna*-Wit :
And the more meritorious, since the Bigot
Would not exempt her Mother from the Fagot.
All this to *Molach's* Int'rest he design'd :
For by his Medley Offerings now we find,
Which was the Idol of his ravenous Mind.

But shame on all ill Luck, th'Oblation came too late;
 Indulgence, far more potent than his Hate,
 Indulgence stopp'd the hideous Blaze: For why?
 The harmless Beasts were *fated not to die.*
 And all his murdering Characters, the Cream
 Of his Stage-Wit, prov'd but the Forger's shame.
 A Winter's Toil in Rapture so ill spent,
 As made that Scandal, which for Harm was meant.
 For when Revenge and Malice spout forth Rime,
 'Tis all but Libel, never so sublime.

Poor ill-tim'd Poem! thou might'st pity find,
 Had'st thou not such a Massacre design'd;
 Had'st thou not toil'd for general distast,
 And 'stead of large applause, to be by all disgrac't.
 Usurping Bards, so boldly to aspire,
 To Sacred foresight and Prophetick Fire,
 And Ours the most unhappy of the Quire.

a Trage Lomey.

For had he had but half the *Delphic Art*
Of *Baron's Head*, he might have spar'd a Quart
Of *Groyneland Oyl* at least, consum'd in Cotten,
To form a *Brat*, no sooner Born but Rotten.

And let it rot, a *Babe* of vile *Disgrace*,
The Sire's Reproach, and shame of all the Race,
From a worse Fate, perhaps thereby redeem'd,
When the soul Father of the *Cub* condemn'd
By all he has with so much Spite condemn'd,
And by his own detested, shall be forc'd
To hide a Head by both his *Mothers Curs'd*.
Bearing their Proverb in his *Pia Mater*,
They love the *Ticacherie* that hate the *Traytour*.

Thus much in reference to the Authors design in general. For as for his particular disputes which are so involv'd in Characters, and muffled up in Notion and Poetical Darkness; 'tis intended that *Himself*, as best understanding his own meaning, shall modestly and civilly be his own Interpreter and Answer himself. Only by the way, before we bring *D.* against *D.* to the Stake, I would fain know how Mr. *Bays*, that so well understood the Nature of Beasts, came to pitch upon the *Hind* and the *Panther*, to signify the Church of *Rome* and the Church of *England*. Doubtless his Reply will be, because the *Hind* is a Creature harmless and Innocent: the *Panther* mischievous and inexorable. Let all this be granted; what is this to the Authors absurdity in the choice of his Beasts? For the Scene of the Persecution is *Europe*, a part of the World which never bred *Panthers* since the Creation of the Universe. On the other side, grant his allusion passable, and then he stigmatizes the Church of *England* to be the most Cruel, and most voracious Creature that Ranges all the *Lybean* Deserts. A Character which shews him to have a strange mist before his Eyes when he reads Ecclesiastical History. And then saies he,

*The Panther, sure the Noblest next the Hind,
And fairest Creature of the spotted Kind.*

Which is another Blunder; *cujus Contrarium verum est*, For if Beauty, Strength and Courage advance the value of the several parts of the Creation, without Question the *Panther* is far to be preferred before the *Hind*, a poor silly timorous ill-shap'd, bob-tail'd Creature, of which a Score will hardly purchase the Skin of a true *Panther*. Had he look'd a little farther, *Ludolphus* would have furnish'd him with a *Zecora*, the most beautiful of all the Four-footed Creatures in the World, to have Cop'd with his *Panther* for Spots, and with his *Hind* for gentleness and mildness: of which one was Sold singly to the Turkish Governor of *Suaquena* for two thousand *Venetian* Ducats. There had been a Beast for him, as pat as a Pudding for a Fryers Mouth. But to couple the *Hind* and the *Panther*, was just like *Sic parvis componere*. And therefore he had better have put his *Hind* in a good Pasty, or reserv'd her for some more proper Allusion; for this, tho' his nimble beast have four Feet, will by no means run *quatuor pedibus*, tho' she had a whole Kennel of Hounds at her Heels.

But this was the Church of Englands Misfortune: rather than a true Poet will loose his Conceit, he'l bespatter the best friends he has. For you must know the Church of England was made a *Panther* for two Reasons. First at the easily granted request of a Thought, which was this,

*Oh! could her inborn Stains be wash'd away,
She were too good to be a Beast of Prey.*

Dii te Damasppe decaq. — Donent Tonfore, for these small Remainders of Pity.

The next was to shew ye that he could tame a *Panther*, while you see the *Hind* and the *Panther* so lovingly discoursing together. A miracle ile assure ye equal if not superior to the choicest in all

Riba.

Ribadenira, if you confider how difficult a thing it is to domesticate that wild Animal.

In short the whole Poem, if it may deserve that Name, is a piece of Deformed arrogant Nonsense, and self-contradiction, drest up in fine Language, like an ugly Brazen fac'd Whore peeping through the Costly Trappings of a Point de Venise Corner. I call it Nonsense, because unseasonable; and Arrogant, because Impertinent; For could Mr. Bayes have so little Wit, to think himself a sufficient Champion to decide the High Mysteries of Faith and Transubstantiation, and the nice disputes concerning Traditions and infallibility in a Discourse between the *Hind* and the *Panther*, which undetermined hitherto, have exercis'd all the Learning in the World. Or could he think the Grand Arcana of Divinity a Subject fit to be handled in flourishing Rhime by the Author of the *Duke of Guise*, or the *Conquest of Peru*, or the *Spanish Foyar*. Doubts which Mr. Bayes is no more able to unfold, then *Saffold* to resolve a Question in Astrology. And all this only as a Tale to usher in his beloved Character, and to shew the excellency of his Wit in abusing Honest Men. If these were his thoughts, as we cannot rationally otherwise believe, seeing that no man of understanding will undertake an enterprise wherein he does not think himself to have some advantage of his Predecessors; then does this Romance, I say of the *Panther* and the *Hind* fall under the most fatal Censure of unreasonable folly and sawcy Impertinence. Nor can I think that the more Solid, Prudent and Learned Persons of the Roman Church Con him any Thanks for laying the Prophane Fingers of a Turn-Coat upon the Altar of their Sacred Debates.

And so much for the *Hind* and *Panther*. Now you shall hear Mr. D. disputing against Mr. D. Mr. D. the Romanist against Mr. D. the Protestant. As if he thought the controverted Points of Religion between differing Judgments were only Paradoxes for acute Ingenuities to play with, and shew the Dexterity of Wit to manage the Cause of Plaintiff or Defendant.

Mr. D. the *Romanist* discoursing of *Traditions* thus begins,
Hind and Panther, p. 41.

—— But the Rule you lay
 Has lead whole Flocks, and leads them still astray;
 For did not *Arrius* first, *Socinus* now
 The Sons Eternal Glory disavow?
 And did not they by Gospel Texts alone,
 Condemn our Doctrine and maintain their own?
 Have not all Heretic's the same pretence,
 To plead the Scriptures in their own defence?
 How did the *Nicene* Council then decide
 That strong debate, was it by Scripture try'd

Page 42.

No sure, to those the Rebel would not yield,
 Squadrons of Texts he Marshall'd in the Field:
 The good old Bishops took a simpler way;
 Each ask'd but what he heard his Father say,
 Or how he was instructed in his Youth,
 And by Traditions Force upheld the Truth.

To this after he has put a frivolous Answer of his own into the
Panther's Mouth, he goes on;

If Tradition then is disallow'd,
 When not evinc'd by Scripture to be true,
 And Scripture, as interpreted by you:
 • But here you tread upon unfaithful Ground,
 • Unless you could infallibly expound

a Trage Comedy

p. 44.

Which you reject as odious Poperie,
And throw the Doctrine back with scorn on me ;
Thus when you say Traditions must be try'd,
By Sacred Writ, whose Sense your selves decide ;
You said no more, but that your selves must be
The Judges of the Scripture Sense not we.

If not by Scripture, how can we be sure
Reply'd the *Panther*, what Tradition's sure ?
For you may * Palm upon us now for old,
All as they say that Glitter is not Gold.

How, but by following her, reply'd the Dame,
To whom deriv'd from Sire to Son they came ;
Where every Age does one another move,
And trusts no farther than the next above,
Where all the Rounds like *Jacob's* Ladder rise,
The lowest in the Earth, the Top-most in the Skies.

46.

You must evince Traditions to be forg'd ;
Produce plain Proofs : Unblemish'd Authors use,
As antient as those Authors they accuse
Till when, 'tis not sufficient to defame,
And old possession stands, till Elder quits the claim.

This was the Opinion of Mr. D. the *Romanist* upon the Case of Traditions : now you shall hear the Judgment of Mr. D. the Protestant upon the same Subject.

* A proper Expression, to put into the Mouth of the Church of England ; as if she were a common Gambler.

Relig. Lii. p. 20.

We hold and say, we prove from Scripture plain,
That Christ is God; the bold Socinian:
From the same Scripture urges he's but Man.
Now what appeal can end th' impatient suite?
Both parts talk loudly, but the Rule is mute?

Shall I speak plain, and in a Nation Free,
Assume an honest Laymans Libertie.

I think according to my little skill,
To my own * Mother Church submitting still,
That many have been sav'd, and many may
That never heard the Question brought in play.

For the Streight Gate would be made streighter yet;
Were none admitted there but Men of Wit.

The Few by Nature form'd, with learning fraught,
Born to instruct, as others to be taught,

Must study well the sacred Page, and see

Which Doctrine, this or that, does best agree

With the whole Tenour of the work Divine,

And plainest points to Heavens reveal'd design.

Which Exposition flows from genuine sense,

And which is forc'd by Wit and Eloquence,

And then Traditions parts are useful here

When general, old, disinterest and clear.

That ancient Fathers thus expound the Page.

Give Truth, the Reverend Majesty of Age;

For still, the nearer to the Spring we go,

More limpid, more unsoil'd the Waters flow.

Thus first Traditions were a Proof alone,

Could we be certain such they were, so known,

Relig.

* Meaning the Church of England.

But

But since some flaws in long descent may be,
 They make not truth, but probability.
 Tradition written, therefore more Commends
 Authority than what from Voice descends:
 And this as perfect as its kind may be,
 Rows down to us the sacred Historie.
 Which from the Universal Church receiv'd,
 Is try'd, and afterward believ'd.

And p. 16

If Scripture, tho deriv'd from Heavenly Birth
 Has been but carelessly preserv'd on Earth.
 If Gods own people ———
 ——— Who did neither time nor study spare,
 To keep this Book untainted, unperplex'd
 Let in gross Errors to Corrupt the Text.
 Omitted Paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
 With vain Traditions stop the gaping Fence,
 Which every common hand pull'd up with ease,
 What safety from such *Brushwood* helps as these.
 If Written Words from time are not secur'd,
 How can we think ; have, Oral sounds endur'd.
 Which thus transmitted, if one Mouth has fail'd,
 Immortal lies on Ages are entail'd ;
 And that some such have been is prov'd too plin,
 If we consider * *Interest, Church and Gain.*

In the Second place Mr. D. the Romanist is for proving the Infal-
 libility of his *New Mother*, which he thus Effaies to accomplish.

Hind and Panth. p 52.

And w at one Saint has said of Holy *Paul*,
 He *divly* Write is True apply'd to all.

* *Meaning the Roman Interest, Church, and Profit.*

For this obſcurity could Heaven provide,
More prudently than by a living Guide,
As doubts aroſe the difference to decide?

* A Guide was therefore needful, therefore made,
And if appointed, ſure to be obeyd.

Thus with due Rev'rence, to th' Apoſtles Writ,
By which my Sons are taught, to which ſubmit:
I think thoſe truths their ſacred works conſtain,
The Church alone can certainly explain,
That following Ages leaning on the Paſt,
May reſt upon the primitive at laſt,
Nor wou'd I thence the word no Ru'e inferr,
But none without the Church Interpreter.

p 59.

Then granting that unerring Guide we want,
That ſuch there is, you ſtand oblig'd to grant,
Our Saviour elſe were wanting to ſupply
Our needs, and obviate that neceſſity.

It then remains that Church can only be
The Guide which owns unſailing certainty.

p. 60.

All which the * Mother Church aſſerts her own
And with unrival'd claim aſcends the Throne.

[Exit. Hind,

Now Enter Panther in the Perſon of D: the Proteſtant
Relig. Laic. p. 18.

Such an Omnſcient Church we wiſh indeed
'Twere worth both Teſtaments, and caſt in the Creed,
But if this Mother be a Guide ſo ſure,
As can all Doubts reſolve, all Truth ſecure,

* The Hind begs the Queſtion.

* His new Mother.

Then

Then her Infallibility, as well
 Where Copies are corrupt or lame, can tell;
 Restore lost Canon with as little Pains,
 And truly explicate what still remains.
 Which yet no Councils dare pretend to do,
 Unless, like *Esdra*s, they could write a new;
 Strange Confidence still to interpret true,
 Yet not be sure, That all they have explain'd
 Is in the blest Original contain'd.
 More safe, and much more modest 'tis to say
God would not leave mankind without a Way.
 And that the *Scriptures*, tho' not every where
 Free from corruption, or entire and clear,
 Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, and entire
 In all things which our needful Faith require;
 If others in the same Glass better see
 'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me;
 For my Salvation must its doom receive,
 Not from what Others, but what I believe.

But

D

And

And p. 16. speaking in commendation of the Translation of *Father Simon*, he has these words:

Where we may see what Errors have been made,
Both in the *Copier's*, and *Translator's* Trade;
How *Jewish*, *Popish* Interests have prevail'd,
And where *Infallibility* has fail'd.

P. 24. *He goes on thus.*

In those dark times they learn'd the Knack so well,
That by long use they grew Infallible;
At last, a knowing Age began t' enquire
If they the Book, or That did them inspire?
And making narrower search they found, tho late,
That what they thought the Priests, was their Estate;
Taught by the *Will* produc'd, the *Written Word*,
How long they had been cheated on Record.

P. 22. *He has moreover these Lines.*

The Partial Papists would infer from hence,
Their Church, in last resort, should judg the sence;

But

But first they would assume, with wondrous Art,
 Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
 Of that vast Frame, the Church———

And in his Preface to his Relig. Laic. he has this Expression upon the same Subject.

But by asserting the Scripture to be the Canon of our Faith, I have unavoidably created to my self two sort of Enemies: The *Papists* indeed more directly, because they have kept the Scripture from us what they could, and have reserv'd to themselves a right of Interpreting what they have deliver'd, under pretence of Infallibility.

After this Mr. D. the *Romanist* falls into a Rapture, and extolls his new *Mother* to that degree, as if he were striving to outdo the *Canticles*. Saies he,

Hind and Panther, p. 61.

Behold ! what marks of Majesty she brings,
 Richer than Ancient Heirs of Eastern Kings;
 Her right hand holds the Scepter and the Keys
 To shew whom she commands, and who obeys,

With these to bind, or set the sinner free,
 With that t'assert spiritual Royalty.

One in her self, not rent by Schism, but sound,
 Entire, one solid shining Diamond,
 One central Principle of Unity
 As undivided, so from Errors free,
 As one in Faith, so one in Sanctity.

Thus one, thus pure, behold her largely spread.
 Like the fair Ocean, from her Mother-Bed.
 From *East* to *West* triumphantly she rides,
 All Shores are water'd by her wealthy Tides.
 The Gospel's sound diffus'd from Pole to Pole,
 Where Winds can carry, and where Waves can roll,
 The self same Doctrine of the Sacred Page,
 Conveigh'd to every Clime, in every Age.

But Mr. D. the *Protestant* talks at another rate, as for Example,
Relig. Laic. p. 23.

In Times o' regrown with Rust and Ignorance,
 A Gainful Trade their Clergy did advance,
 When want of Learning kept the Lay-men low,
 And none but Priests were authoriz'd to know.

VWhen

When what small Knowledg was, in them did dwell,
 And he a *God*, who could but *Read* or *Spell*;
 Then *Mother Church* did mightily prevail,
 She parcell'd out the *Bible* by Retail;
 But still expounded what she sold or gave,
 To keep it in her power to damn or save:
 Scripture was scarce, and as the Market went,
 Poor Lay-men took Salvation on Content.
 As needy men take Money, good or bad,
 Gods Word they had not, but the Priests they had;
 Yet whate're false Conveyances they made,
 The Lawyer still was certain to be paid.

When he comes to the Panegyrick upon his present Majesty, where he had so transcending a Subject, and ought, tho it had been by way of Digression, to have expended the whole Treasure of his Genius, Heaven's! what a difference there is between the feminine Encomiums of Mr. D. the *Romanist*, upon His present Majesty, and the ranting Raptures of Mr. D. the *Independent* upon a Monster of a Tyrant, as if the very Noise of *Oliviers* silver Prize had inspir'd him.

The choicest of Mr. D. the *Romanist's* thoughts, which he had to bestow upon his Sovereign, are only these.

A plain good man, whose name is understood
 (So few deserve the Name of Plain and Good)

Of three fair Lineal Lordships stood possess'd,
And liv'd, as reason was, upon the Best,
Inur'd to Hardships from his early Youth ;
Much had he done, and suffer'd for his Truth :
t Land and Sea in many a doubtful fight,
Was never known a more Advent'rous Knight,
Who oftner drew his Sword, and always for the Right.

But this is nothing to the lofty strain, wherein Mr. D. the *Independent* Courts the fortune of a prosperous Rebel, in his Poem upon the Death of *Oliver Cromwell*, where he has these towering Expressions.

His Grandeur he deriv'd from Heav'n alone,
For he was great e're Fortune made him so :
And Wars, like Mists that rise against the Sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

And yet Dominion was not his Design,
We owe that Blessing not to him, but Heav'n,
Which to fair Acts unsought Rewards did joyn,
Rewards that less to us than him were giv'n.

Swift

Swift and resistless through the Land be past,
 Like that bold *Greek* that did the East subdue,
 And made to Battels such Heroic hast,
 As if on Wings of Victory he flew.

He fought secure of Fortune as of Fame;
 Till by new Maps, the Island might be shown,
 Of Conquests which he strew'd where ere he came;
 Thick as the Galaxie with Stars is sown.

Nay the Tyrants Nose, that was the Laughter and Contempt of
 that time, could not scape the Adoration of his *Independent* Muse.

'Tis true his Count'nance did imprint an awe,
 And nat'rally all Souls to his did bow,
 As Wands of Divination downward draw,
 And point to Beds where soveraign Gold doth grow.

By the way, take notice what a Yerk he gives his Mother the
 Church of *Rome* in the same Panegyrick, for then it was convenient
 so to do.

That Old unquestion'd Pyrate of the Land,
 Proud *Rome*, with dread the Fate of *Dunkirk* hear'd;

And

And trembling, wish'd behind more Alps to stand,
Altho an *Alexander* were her Guard.

By all which the Reader may perceive how much the Enthusiasm of those days surmounted the flagging Wit of these times.

But now you will find Mr. D. the *Romanist*, and Mr. D. the *Protestant* at Dagger's drawing about the Plot, and the *Papists* too, which is more; so positively opposite one to the other, as if he had two Seats of Judgment, the one in his forehead, and the other in the Nape of his Neck.

Mr. D. the *Romanist* upbraids the Church-men of *England*, and gives her good Instructions in these Lines.

Hind and Panther. p. 112.

To name the Test, would put you in a Rage,
You charge not that on any former Age:
But smile to think how Innocent you stand,
Arm'd by a weapon put into your hand;
Yet still remember that you wield a Sword
Forg'd by your Foes against your sov'raign Lord,
Design'd to hew th' Imperial Cedar down,
Defraud Succession, and disheir the Crown.

And

And thence transporting himself to the Plot.

What more could you have done than now you do,
 Had *Oates* and *Bedlow*, and their Plot been true?
 Some specious Reasons for those wrongs were found,
 The Dire Magicians threw their Mists around,
 And wisemen walk'd as on enchanted Ground:
 But now when Time has made th' Imposture plain,
 What new Delusion charms your cheated Eyes again?
 The painted Harlot might a while bewitch,
 But why the Hagg uncas'd, and all obscene with itch?

Had Mr. D. the *Romanist* but whisper'd these words at *Will's Coffee-house*, time was when, Mr. D. the *Protestant* had certainly inform'd against him, and procur'd him corporal Punishment: For, do but hear Mr. D. the *Protestants* Opinion at that time in steady Prose, in his *Protestant Epistle to Religio Laici*.

A General and uninterrupted Plot of their Clergy (meaning the *Papists*) ever since the Reformation, I suppose all *Protestants* believe. For 'tis not reasonable to believe but that so many of their Orders, as were outed from their Fat Possessions, wou'd endeavour a Re-entrance against those whom they account Hereticks. As for the late design, Mr. *Coleman's Letters*, for ought I know, are the best evidence; and what they discover without Wire-drawing their Sence, or malicious Glosses, all Men of Reason conclude Credible. If there be any more than this required of me, I must believe it as well as I am able in spite of the Witnesses, and out of a decent Conformity to the Votes of Parliament. For I suppose the Fanaticks will not

allow the private Spirit in this Case. Here the Infallibility is in one part of the Government, and our Understanding as well as our Wills are represented.

But to return to the *Roman* Catholics. How can we be secure from the Practice of the Jesuited *Papists* in that Religion? For not two or three of that Order, as some would impose upon us; but almost the whole Body of them are of Opinion that their Infalible Master has a Right over Kings, not only in spirituals, but in temporals. Not to Name *Mariana*, *Bellarmin*, *Emanuel Sa*, *Molina*, *Santarel*, *Simancha*, and at least twenty others of foreign Countries, we can produce of our own Nation, *Campion*, and *Doleman*, or *Parsons*; besides, many are nam'd whom I have not read, who all of them attest, That the Pope can give away the Right of any Sovereign Prince, if he shall warp never so little; but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the Bond of Obedience is taken off from his Subjects, and they may and ought to drive him like another *Nebuchadnezzar* from exercising Dominion over Christians: And to this they are bound by Virtue of Divine Precept, and by all the ties of Conscience, under no less Penalty than Damnation. And their Champion *Bellarmin* has told the World, that the King of *England* is a Vassal to the Pope, and that he holds in Villenage of his *Roman* Landlord.

Here is Contradiction upon Contradiction. A Plot believ'd, and a Plot denied: Loyal *Roman* Catholick Subjects, that hold it Lawful to depose those Sovereigns, are branded with his *Hind and P.* mark of *Wicklifs* Brood, innate Antipathy to Kings. p. 11. Which makes me wonder that Mr. D. the *Protestant*, did not call in all his Heretical Writings, and burn 'em by the hand of the Common Hangman, before he revolted to write his *Hind and Panther*.

Now, by the way of *Corollary*, a little more of your Christian Patience gentle Reader, and hear his low Opinion of the Martyrs of the *Roman* Faith, as he owns it in his *Religio Laici*, p. 13. where undertaking to prove,

That

That if the Gentiles whom no Law inspir'd
By nature did what was by Law requir'd.

They might be say'd, *He goes on thus.*

Most righteous Doom; because a *Rule reveal'd*
Is none to *those* from whom it was *conceal'd*.
Then those who follow'd Reasons Dictates right,
Liv'd up, and lifted high their Natural Light,
With *Socrates*, may see their Maker's Face,
While Thousand *Rubrick Martyrs* want a place.

Nor could ever *Shimei* be thought to have curs'd *David* more bitterly than he permits his Friend to Blaspheme the *Roman Priest-hood* in his Epilogue to the *Spanish Fryer*; In which Play he himself has acted his own Part like a true *younger Son of Noah*, as may be easily seen in the first Edition of that Comedy, which would not pass Muster a second time without Emendations and Corrections. And as for the *Epilogue*, affix'd by his allowance to the Play, which in effect is the same thing, as if he had done it himself; after the Author had stigmatiz'd the *Roman Clergy* for Persons that would pimp and perjure themselves, and consequently commit any other Villanies for Money, his Friend thus concludes.

There's none I me sure who is a friend to love,
But will our Fryers Character approve.

The ablest spark among you, sometimes needs
Such pious helps for Charitable Deeds.

Our Church, alas, as *Rome* objects, does want
The Ghostly Comforts for the falling Saint ;

This gains them their Whore-converts, and may be
The reason of the Growth of Popery.

So *Mahomet's* Religion came in Fashion,

By the large leave it gave to Fornication.

Fear not the Guilt, if you can pay for't well ;

There is no *Dives* in the *Roman* Hell.

Gold opens the streight Gate, and lets him in,

But want of Money is a mortal sin ;

How are men cozen'd still with shews of Good ?

The Bawds best Mask is the grave Fryers Hood.

'Tis a mock War between the Priest and Devil,

When they think fit, they can be very civil.

They boast the Gift of Heaven is in their power,

Well may they give the God they can devour.

Still to the sick and dead their Claims they lay,
 For 'tis on Carrion that the Vermin prey.
 Nor have they less Dominion on our Life;
 They trot the Husband, and they pace Wife.
 Rouze up you Cuckolds of the Northern Climes,
 And learn from *Sweden* to prevent such Crimes;
 Unman the Fryer, and leave the Holy Drone,
 To hum in his forsaken Hive alone :
 He'l work no Honey, when his sting is gone.
 Your Wives and Daughters soon will leave the Cells,
 When *they* have lost the sound of *Aaron's* Bells.

Now that you may see his Friend and he were both agreed, you shall find the Author himself concluding his second Act of his *Spanish Fryer* to the same tune, where he brings in the tempted *Elvira*, commending the Fryer for managing his business so well in these words.

Elv. This Fryer is a comfortable Man, he will know nothing of the business, but does it all :

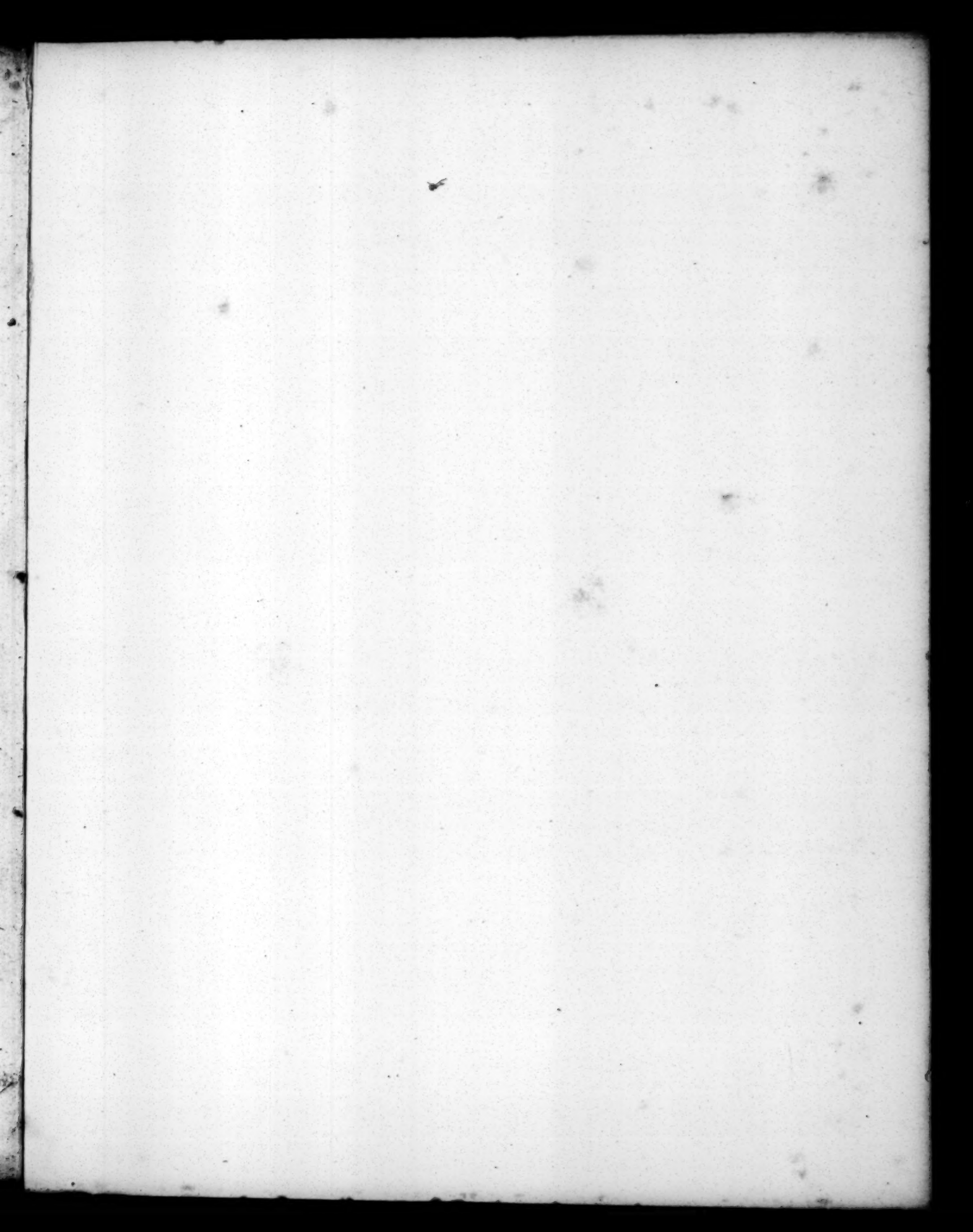
Pray Wives and Virgins at your time of need,
 For a true Guide, of my good Fathers breed.

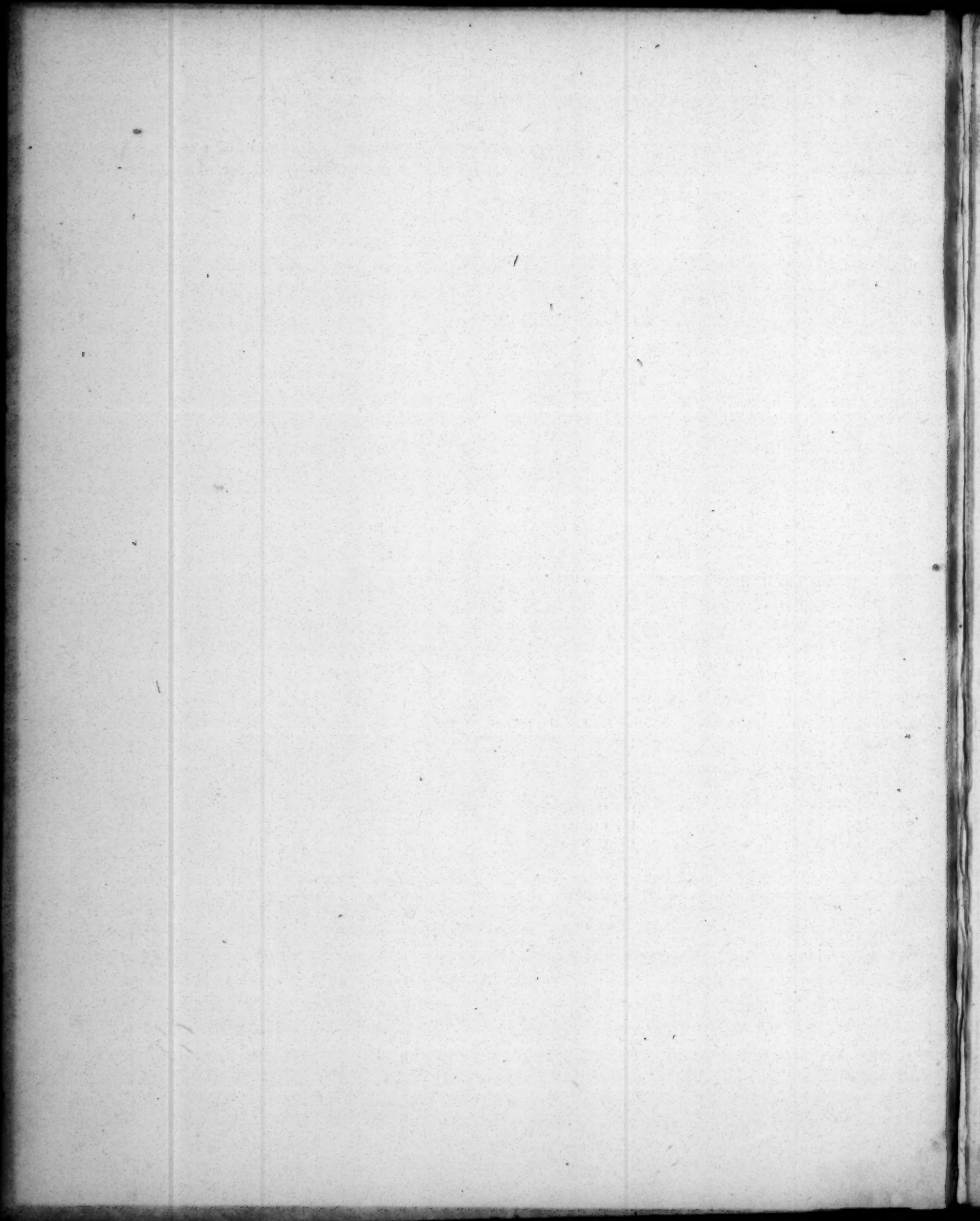
And in the very first Scene of the third Act, the same Lady cries out, *Well, if I prove frail, — never Woman had such an Husband*

to provoke her, such a Lover to allure her, or such a Confessor to absolve her.

And a little farther, says Gomez, the jealous Husband, — When a swinging Sin is to be committed, nothing will cover it so close as a Fryers Hood, for there the Devil plays at Bo-peep; puts out his Horns to do mischeif, and then shrinks 'em back for safety, like a Snale into her shell. The sence of the Epilogue all along: And enough to shew how soon a Gentleman may alter his Opinion in point of Religion.

F I N I S.





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